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THE KIDS' CANCER PROJECT

WRITE A BOOK IN A DAY

Parameters Form

Team Details

STATE: VIC
DIVISION: Upper School (Required word count 3500 to 5000 words)
SCHOOL/GROUP: St Francis Catholic College
TEAM NAME: SFCC Melton 9
TEAM ID: 1758

Parameters and random words

Parameters

Primary character 1 Signwriter
Primary character 2 Robot builder
Non-human character Ghost
Setting Country town
Issue Moving house

Random words

novel
goosey
yam
plunge
homework

Instructions

- Start no earlier than **8am**
- Write an original story:
 - based on all **five parameters** (above)
 - including all **five random words** (above) as written, and in bold type
 - with some identifiable **Australian content** (in theme or setting or characters, etc)
 - keeping within the allowed word count (remember every word on every page counts!)
 - include this parameters form in your book **immediately after the front cover**
- Remember: **Every** word on **every** page counts. This includes your front cover, back cover, blurb, acknowledgements and copyright form.
- **Be sure to give yourself enough time to submit your book and complete the following checklist before 9pm**

Log on to the Team Coordinator Portal to:

- ☐ Check the spelling of your team name and team members' names
(how these are spelt on submission will be how they are displayed on certificates)
- ☐ Complete the Declaration
- ☐ Submit your finished book in **both** PDF and plain text format by 9pm

Chapter 1

The door knocks repeatedly, “Lisa!” “Lisa!” “Lisa!!!” I hear.

Who could possibly need a sign made at the crack of dawn? My name is Lisa. If you haven’t already caught on, I am the only signwriter in Red Dune. I live a little further from the rest of the town, but that’s okay, I enjoy the silent life.

“Lisa! Are you there?”

“It’s Nicole!”

Nicole? Oh no, Nicole! I forgot she ordered a multicoloured sign for her new ice cream truck, “Come in, Nicole, the sign is ready! I just need to... Find it,”

The door cracks open to my cluttered mess of a house. Reflective papers all over the floor, dimly lit lights, jumbled tools and trash everywhere

“How do you live in this?” Nicole utters, Organisation isn’t my way of life, I live cluttered, usually waiting last minute to complete orders. Found it!

“Here it is!” I exclaimed, “I had to do some **homework** on the proportions and design when I was making your sign, as you wanted an old school sign design” Signs are very mathematical; they consist of multiple design elements. The design itself, the shape of the sign, after this, any inconsistencies are removed, and the final product is created.

Nicole squeals, “I love it!” “It's everything I wanted!!” To give the sign an old-school look, I used bright pink and blue pastel colours to hopefully draw customers in, and smooth ridges around the sign.

“Thank you, payment will be \$120. I take cash or card!” I murmur. Lisa hands me two fifty-dollar notes and a twenty-dollar note for payment “Pleasure doing business with you”, she hurls.

After business, I like to take downtime and relax for the day. I eat a nice and healthy breakfast of avocado toast, brush my teeth and then run myself a bath to calm some of my nerves down to prepare myself for the rest of the day. Creativity is a must in my world, spending time making new sign designs and doodles.

rustle the twigs outside, blow away, almost as if something or **someone** has hovered over them... **woosh** again, it almost sounds like a fast drone flying over the entrance to my house.

“Hello...?” I quietly tremble, and a low pitch surrounds me. I hear an unintelligible low voice speak to me.

Chapter 2

“Hello”, I repeat myself, “is anyone there?” Suddenly, a burst of wind knocks my door open. “Who is this? This isn’t funny!” I shout, my breath so short of breath to the point where I am almost wheezing.

A small figure hovers through my front door, made from metal with its bright purple antennas glowing, reflecting on the masses of reflective papers almost enshrouding my home in this vibrant and powerful neon purple lighting.

“*b=e%ep B*o22@op*” it buzzes, followed by that low pitch from before.

“I’m sorry?” I exclaim.

“I apologise, human. I forgot that your kind do not speak in coding. My name is Short Circuit, I am of the robot race, and I come to you to inform you that in a short period of time, myself and other robots I have created will demolish your house.” The robot builder spoke in this authoritative and matter-of-fact tone.

I had only heard of robots in **novels** and sci-fi TV shows, but maybe this is a common appearance nowadays I haven’t ever been caught up on the political and social issues of our world, living here so far away from civilisation.

never had I ever seen them. It was perplexing. Right there in front of me, there was a supernatural figure staring right at me, no eyes, just a bright purple plasma lamp as a replacement for its eyes.

“Is there anything I can do to keep my house?” I plead to ‘Short Circuit’ “Please, I’ll do anything, I can make you as many free signs as you want!”

“Signs?” it pitches in confusion, almost sounding like the named Short Circuit is about to let out a laugh “Is this how humans beg for their possessions. By trading other possessions that they make?”

“The decision is final. I only came here to inform you to prepare and start packing your most valuable possessions,” Short Circuit loudly exclaims, followed by a quick slam of my door and no trace of Short Circuit to be seen, almost as if the Robot maker was never there.

I rummage through my house, climbing up the stairs to the attic, looking through boxes of baby photos and most valuable possessions I must keep, no matter if I stay or leave this house marked by the robot.

Has there always been a cat collar up here? I sat down on the floor, legs crossed, as I questioned this dark blue collar and its appearance in my attic.

This day has gotten even more strange...

The dark blue leather collar has the name Felix written on it in black dark pencil.

What I find strange is that the cat collar followed an unfamiliar style, looking more like it belonged a century or more ago...

“Meow”

I jolted. What was that?

“purr”

I saw a see-through figure float around me. This couldn't be real. This was the second time today that something of this supernatural behaviour happened.

It's not even noon!

“Are you Felix? Little kitty...”

As I reach my hand out to pet the cat, my hand passes through the dusty air, going through the cat.

I jump back, questioning what the furry creature in front of me is.

“What century are we in?” the cat hisses

“20th century.”

The cat jumps on top of me “that's a long time since I was alive, it must have been over one hundred years since then” licking its paws.

“What are you?” I exclaim out of confusion.

The cat flies around me “I am a ghost, I lived in Green Dune (Red Dune) now centuries ago long before your existence” it pauses “I have only been able to view the land threw the people who have lived in this house, thank you for freeing me.”

Before I could ask more the cat disappeared.

“What a strange day.”



Chapter 3

Short circuit wasn't always grumpy. Long ago, he wanted a job in a big city where he could show his amazing skills

He searched for A Construction job everywhere. He knocked on doors. he handed in papers. He asked nicely if he could help

But no one wanted him,"O **gooey** short circuit says"

! Clanker!! People called him that from the sidewalks: 'You don't belong here.'

Each Rejection made short circuit feel sad and his love for wanting to build, Shattered!

So, he left the city behind.'

Days passed, short circuit travelled across the desert, his robot parts are squeaking with every step the sun is hitting his back, he still walks despite the blazing sun burning his bolts because he is mad!

Short Circuit then spots a small shadow and walks closer and sees a remote town

In a complete rage anger and envy take over his mind leading him to think, what if I took over this land and turned it into my own place to freely build without judgement?

This land," he whispered, "will be mine."

Chapter 4

The robot came back with heavy tools on his back. Thud! Clang. Clatter. He dropped them to the ground.

Lisa, the signwriter, stepped outside. The sun lit up her brown hair. She froze when she saw him.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“This house,” said Short Circuit, “is mine now. You must leave.”

Lisa’s heart sank. She looked at his hammer. “But this is my home. I can’t leave it behind.”

Short Circuit shook his head. “I have been pushed out before. Not again.”

He floated toward the walls. Whoosh~ Whoosh~ the wind blew, getting stronger as he levitated around the walls.

Lisa felt her strength slip away. Maybe she should give up. Maybe she really was too small to fight.

Then—sparkles of light appeared.

Felix, the ghost cat, padded softly toward her. His tail swished. His glowing eyes met hers.

“Don’t give up,” Felix said. His voice was soft, but strong. “This house belongs to you. Stand tall.”

Lisa bent down and touched his glowing head. A spark of courage lit inside her chest.

She stood tall. “This is my home,” she said. “You can’t just take it.”

But Short Circuit only tightened his grip on the hammer.

“Then you will watch it fall.”

He raised his arm. Slam! The hammer smashed into the wall. The house shook.

Dust filled the air. Pieces of wood cracked and fell.

Lisa gasped but didn't move. Felix curled his tail around her feet.

Slam! Slam! Slam!

The house groaned. The walls trembled. Short Circuit's demolition had begun.

Chapter 5

The monstrous sight Infront of her made her feel helpless. She couldn't do anything to stop the crashing and lashing of her home... But one thing came to mind.

‘BEWARE! DANGEROUS ROBOT!’ , ‘FEAR FOR YOUR LIVES, ROBOT RAMPAGE’ Sign, after sign, after sign–Lisa knew she was being petty, she didn't need someone to tell her that. But how could she not be angry? *That dang CLANKER destroyed her house!* She had the right to be infuriated; all her stuff was in there.

With a huff she puts down her paintbrush, wiping it off on her overalls as Felix, the ghost cat fumes. *“Unbelievable! Completely unbelievable, I’ve lived in this house for over a century. And never, and when I say I’ve NEVER in my nine lives have I ever seen such blatant disrespect!”* His ghostly paws flailing and tail coiling in annoyance. Much to the dismay of Lisa who was the only person who could hear this tomcat's grievances.

“You’d think those junk-yard cog-wheelers would have some decency NOT to break things they don’t own!” And yet–they didn’t. Her house was in shambles, and the sound of crunchy glass wasn’t making it easier to deny

that fact. *“Enough...There’s no point crying over spilt milk. Let’s just warn the town about what’s to come.”*

One by one, Lisa picked up her signs, storming down the hill as she yelled incoherently. *“Robots! Robots are coming! They’re going to destroy your houses and eat your minerals!”*

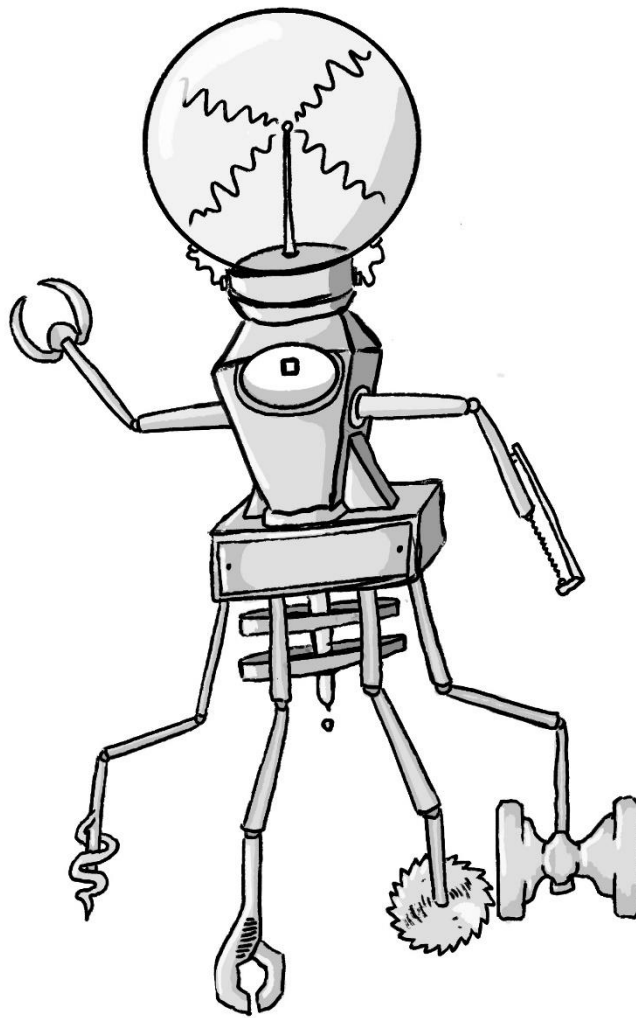
Of course—the villagers didn’t believe her. I mean, really? Robots destroying her house and coming for them next? Why in the world would anyone believe that?

“Wow... That’s nice, Lisa—listen, can you hand me that basket?” A townsman asked, not looking away from the pile of boxes he stacked into a moving cart. For obvious reasons, he didn’t quite believe her. Opting to tune the woman out through his errands. The signwriter grumbled at the man's absent-minded response, stomping away with a nasty glare as she drags her feline friend along with her. *“Let's go, Felix. It’s not my fault if their houses get demolished!”*

With her ego hurt, she trudged herself away, huffing and puffing as she ranted to the unusually quiet cat.

“Seriously! How on earth can they NOT believe me? I literally had my house crumbled, CRUMBLED! Didn’t they

hear the bang?!" She complained, turning around to face the ghostly cat only to see him limp sadly mid-air.



Chapter 6

“Hey... are you okay, Felix?” her voice quieted, walking over to soothe the poor cat as he nodded. “Yea—it’s just that this country town used to be so... green.” He mumbled, eyes focusing on the wasted land before them. “When did it become so... Dead?”

Felix reminisced; Warm, lush, full of life. “I knew it was dying but it didn’t look this brown.” The cat drooped, ghostly features melting in gooey dejection. “Being asleep for this long—I thought that maybe things would have changed, things would have gone back to what it was.” His tone helpless, floating past Lisa as he tried to trace a paw through the dry ground.

“Before the robots—before the drought, this town was beautiful.” Felix turned to a random direction, glancing at a house before letting out an exhausted sigh. “I just wish it was different. I miss it. I really do.” Although for Lisa—this town had always been shrivelled, the look on her recently new friend's face made her ache. “Hey... are you okay?” She asked, trudging over to give the cat a gentle pat.

“While I know change isn’t easy to overcome, just know that I’ll be there to at least lighten the load.” While Lisa

wasn't one for comforting, she knew she had to say something—anything.



Chapter 7

Lisa and Felix have just arrived at the house, but something seems off. The doors and windows were all the same; however, there were scraps of missing wood from the walls, and things were misplaced in unusual places than where they were before.

“Let’s check this house out, without any doubt,” Lisa eureka as the pair strides upwards the steep steps.

Felix was eager to arrive up the steps, hovering his way over the staircase, Lisa sprints her steps up the stairs, keeping a quick pace while staring off into the far away hills around the scenery.

“Hurry up Felix, look up at the house we’ve been told to go here.”

“It ain’t matter about how fast I go,” quaked the ghastly feline, “Something’ feels wrong here... like a **yam** sitting’ where it shouldn’t.”

They flew up the staircase to the house, the house was double story, wooden planks were strung up the side trimmings, bricks were chipped with age, the house appeared oldened with age.

They stood face to face with the door (Lisa at least, the cat was floating), and Lisa turned the doorknob, it turned with a creak, and then a twist, and the wooden door slang open as if a gust of wind blew it, and the house began to change.

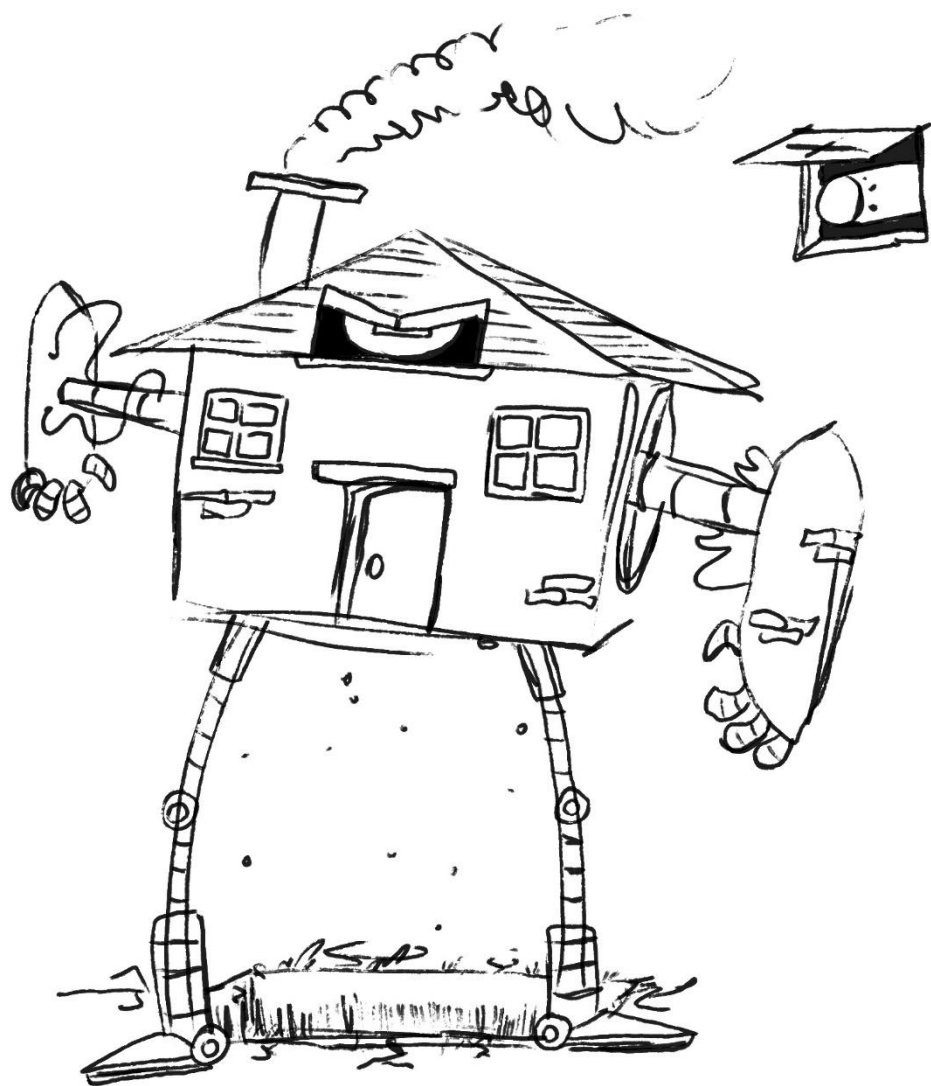
The windows began to crack, the panes twisted and broke out of the frame, it shattered, but did not exactly fall apart, it broke apart into chunks and formed twisted shattered parts. Lisa heard a noise, she shifted around swooshing her air in the dim damp air, the house was creaking, as if metal was colliding, out of the windows Felix noticed something, “Lisa the house is growing metal arms”, “What!”, she ran to the window and peered out, it had two long robot arms, long as a long staircase, and the floor was getting lower and lower, she realized the house was going higher.

“We have to get out of here!” cried Lisa, running back towards the door, then BAM, a chair just whacked Lisa in the leg, sending her sprawling across the carpet in the hallway, she got up and limped towards the window, seeing it’s too high to jump.

Lisa saw Felix sooth through the wall, leaving her on her own to face the robotic house. Lisa was panicked, she ran up the staircase to avoid the ruckus, that’s when she heard the scarping of floorboards, she turned and in the dead silence she saw a set of chairs at the dining table, they scraped out from pushed under the table, and flew right at her, Lisa continued after a moment’s notice, she had barley any time to react before one sent her falling down the stairs.

Lisa stood up, she took off up the stairs pushing through the sharp pain in the calf, behind her step shout out a sharp spike, she then took off kicking up the stairs, wooden stakes shooting up from each step behind her, desperate to keep her feet going she continued up eagerly to reach escape, gasping for air, she finally reached the top and without touching the handle, her hands shot out at the door and swing the door almost off the hinges, a dark room with a light in the window was illustrated in her front, she thought for the second the sky was getting darker, but then saw the giant hand swing in through the window at her, “No help!”, cried Lisa as she drove out of sight.

“Please, PLEASE SPARE ME, I DIDN’T DO ANYTHING HELP!” Lisa saw the hand dive at her, it swiped her, “PUT ME DOWN, FELIX HELP!” Then the hand pulled her through the window, and she felt the grip loosen, she thought she was being dropped, she was ready to scream when she realized she was being set on the ground, after begging for her life, the house had set her free, “zOrrY”, beamed out the monsters mouth, Lisa realized the house monster was actually a robot.



Chapter 8

Lisa stopped in her tracks. Where her little house once stood was only a pile of broken boards and scattered bricks. In the middle was short circuit, sitting down with his head bowed, Lisa panicked pacing left and right as the robot just sat there not knowing what to do or what to say. “My house, my home, my town...” Lisa muttered angrily under her breathe.

The robot sat there quietly unable determine the contention behind Lisa and what she was saying, silently viewing Lisa without the courage to muster up another word.

Lisa snapped “What. Did. You. Do?” she paused then exclaimed “You have destroyed my town”

The once cluttered house grew stagnant instead of Jumbled tools thrown together there was only a baron waste of broken structures, cracked cement and long-lost memories gone.

Not only were the delicate memories of Lisa destroyed by the vengeful attack of Short Circuit but the past home once belonging to both Lisa and Felix ceased to exist, the townspeople came to view this supernatural disaster. Once doubtful faces filled the once town now wasteland with saddened looks reminiscing on what was once a thriving population.

No, they were not rich or full of materialistic possessions squaring around the civilisation

But they had each other and for them that was enough.

Short Circuit unable to process this newfound overwhelming sadness let out a squeak.

Squeak a loud pitch vibrated out of Short Circuit

A tiny, subtle squeak. Who knows? Maybe that was its way of apologising, robot customs were much more different from human customs.

The townspeople viewed in a variety of mixed emotions ranging from anger, disgust, sadness to denial.

I held my voice strong even if all I wanted to do was crumble in the moment

“We can rebuild from this?” I raise my voice standing strong

A silent hum exclaims from up in the air.

“Let me help, I caused the mass destruction” Short Circuit chimes in’

Did the heartless builder robot really say this? How can we trust it. Seconds ago, it was destroying the town ridding us all of shelter terraforming the lands as a powerful monster.

“Prove to us that you can help then” I exclaim.

Chapter 9

Fast forward a month, Short Circuit's robots finally finished constructing the new water supply, changing the barren wasteland of a country town into a hospitable and vegetation supplied wonderland. Lisa was very thankful with how it all turned out, feeling large amounts of gratitude building up inside of her just itching to get expelled out.

"Look, Circuit... Mind I call you Circuit?" Lisa asks, slanting her head to the side.

"Nickname change... Accepted" the robot builder responds.

"Okay, well. Look, I'm very sorry about the fact that getting a job was very difficult. And I understand that you were quite upset about it. But I just want to say a big thanks for your support and effort into shaping this town to be more suitable for everyone! You and your robots included." Short Circuit halts to a short silence, processing Lisa's touching speech that his transmitters picked up.

"Simply tried to find another way of robot work... Now understand that human lives additionally important... Not a problem for simple and much enjoyable landscape change." Short Circuit extended one of his long, cold, metallic arms and held Lisa's hand, shaking it in a rhythmic, robotic way.

Felix hovered over beside her shoulder, grinning as he floated around them, giving off a positive and happy energy. “Well, who knew that the robots could be so understanding and helpful! Ah well they were just misunderstood... That’s all!”

Lisa nods and gazes towards the hard-working robots that lived harmoniously among them. “Well, hey, at least we know that they can be good folk. And it doesn’t take a colourful sign to show that...” She took a slow breath, feeling the **plunge** of relief settle deep in her chest.

